

DEAF-MUTE JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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BEAUTIFUL GREENWOOD.

[The author of the following lines, Mrs. M. A. Cooper, needs no introduction further than the mention of her name, as she is known to us through poems that appeared in former issues, as well as through her special interest in the deaf, wherever found. All the tenderness of an sympathetic nature was lavished on her deaf brother and sister, Prof. Gamage and Elizabeth Gamage, and since their death, the deaf at large have fallen heir to this affection.]

She now resides at Jersey City, and although a considerable weight of years is resting upon her, her active mind continues to find poetical expression. The lines were suggested by a visit to the family plot at Greenwood.]

Beautiful Greenwood, so still and so fair,
We could almost envy the sleepers there.
They have forgotten how toilsome the road,
That ended at last in this peaceful abode.

The balmy air with peace is filled,
And all earth's fever thirst is stilled.
For them each heavy task is done;
Home hath received each wearied one.

Two of these sleepers had struggled on,
With a cross so heavy in silence borne,
When they laid them down at the Master's feet,
Their joy and triumph was then complete.

They have forgotten how time dragged by,
They have forgotten to reason, why?
Now they're at rest, we must watch and wait
For the opening of the golden gate.

Beautiful Greenwood, we cannot weep
For them who so calmly, sweetly sleep,
They have each suffered with earth's excess,
Now passed is forever life's weariness.

Beautiful Greenwood, rest for the weary,
A haven of peace when life is all dreary,
We know they are only fallen asleep,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep.

M. A. C.

THE UNREDEEMED PLEDGE.

CHAPTER I.

"Humph! truth of effect fair, a little cheap in motive," said the dealer, stroking his moustache as he gazed critically at the picture.

The girl at his side raised her head proudly, and he turned slowly to meet her indignant eyes.

"You see, madam," he said, averting his gaze immediately, "these things are rather in the chromo style, and fat babies are somewhat at a discount just now—advance of civilization, popular education, you know—true art, they tell me" (this deprecatingly) "has to do with decay and death. We really have no demand for those robust compositions; something slighter in texture, more ethereal in tone, more, in short, *cadaverous*, would suit better. Still, if you care to leave the picture with us we can see what can be done with it."

"Thank you, it does matter," the girl said, hurriedly taking up the canvas, as she did so glancing sorrowfully at the face, which smiled at her from it; nothing betrayed her agitation except a slight tremor in her hands, and the dealer looking admiringly at them; they were very small and delicately gloved, evidently those of a lady. He changed his tone immediately.

"Perhaps we could arrange something for you, madam; there are good points in the study, there is much truth of value in that side light, for instance, but the emotional tendency of the whole is—h'm—ah—a little too cheerful. The dimple there is too obtrusively merry, the smile too broad, the eyes too—"

He stopped astonished; the girl had not waited for him to complete his sentence, but had walked out at the door, leaving her critic staring blankly at the marks left by her wet boots on the floor.

They were pretty little feet, he could see, and the peculiar print of the sole reminded him of the way in which his daughter who died young had walked, always with the toes turned a little in. The girl was about her age, too, not more than eighteen—he might have taken her picture!

He felt weakly uncomfortable; the tall, slight figure in the gray waterproof, in spite of its proud carriage, had looked strangely pathetic, and he was haunted by a glimpse he had caught of two sorrowful eyes—eyes like those of his daughter in their sweet wistfulness. He started a moment after when he seemed to meet those identical eyes gazing at him from a picture on the opposite wall, and he crossed the shop and bent over the canvas to examine it more carefully. It was a Madonna and Child by

Agostino Carracci, one he had purchased at Christie's a few days before, and which had up to this time afforded him the gratification it is given to man to enjoy when he has done a good stroke of business. Now, however, it increased his sense of discomfort; he saw on the Virgin's countenance the same expression as that which had rested on the girl's face when she looked down at her picture; the Child, too, bore some resemblance to the baby which had called forth its criticism, though its expression of weakness had not appeared in the sturdy life he had condemned.

The dealer was a shrewd man of business, his aesthetic tastes careful developed according to the latest canons of modern art; he could at a glance discriminate between a Giorgione and a Correggio, but his acumen failed him when it became a question of the informing spirit of a picture of the reforming spirit of Bond Street. Poetry of conception he subordinated to adherence to fashionable rule, and his artistic ideals were at ebb or flow according to the position of the luminary which at the moment ruled in the aesthetic firmament. He knew when to take occasion by the hand, yet, in spite of a firm belief in his business faculty, he had an unpleasant conviction that in this case he had been as blind as the sightless Joseph in the picture before him not to have purchased the work just offered to him. It was no pecuniary loss to himself that he regretted, but the missing of an opportunity of securing a customer in the lady who had just left him. She was a lady, he was convinced; every detail of dress, accent, and manner testified to her refinement, and it had not appeared that necessity had driven her to sell her work; and she was like Mattie. He went to the door and looked up the street to see if she was still in sight; a steady rain was falling, driving passengers to the shelter of cabs and omnibuses, but the pavements were by no means deserted, and it was impossible to distinguish any particular figure in the procession of umbrellas passing along, and the dealer returned, feeling chilly as well as uneasy, to meet the haunting eyes of the Madonna again.

Meanwhile Madeline Vivien, her canvas under her cloak, was walking rapidly through the rain; all the pride had gone from her manner, and there was nothing but despair on the white face she turned to the gray skies. She was tired and hungry as well as despairing, for all the morning she had been walking from place to place in vain effort to sell the picture upon which she depended for next month's means of subsistence. Her feet almost refused to bear her, but she trudged on bravely, for the few coins still remaining would be needed to buy food for the baby at home, and riding, even in an omnibus, had become too expensive a luxury. When she at last climbed the stairs of the attic she called home, the August evening had begun to close in. Wet and weary as she was, a smile broke over her face as she heard the coo of a baby's voice, and she opened the door and met her boy with the sunny face she had been accustomed to see.

Laying down canvas and hat and cloak, she took him up, rosy and laughing, in her arms, and forgot her weariness in the divine solace of motherhood. If the dealer had been there, he would have needed no artistic insight to enable him to identify the original of the picture he had criticised so severely.

He would have seen also that mother and child were strikingly alike; divested of hat and veil the girl appeared almost too young to be a mother, yet no one could question the relationship existing between the occupants of the attic. There were the same thickly veiled eyes, the same laughing red mouth, the same merry dimple in each, and none but a mother could have talked the tender nonsense which Madeline was repeating to the child.

She put him down by and by and began to light a fire, a homely task out of keeping with the delicacy of her appearance. The room was full of sharp contrasts, Rembrandt-like shadows throwing into high relief the refinement of its occu-

pants; the child's was of the costliest, trimmed with dainty lace; the mother's equally costly, though rather worn, spoke of wealth and position, yet the room was almost bare of furniture, and baby had been lying on a folded rug on the floor—the only bed visible.

There were few articles about; a stool did duty for a chair, and everything would have spoken of sordid poverty had it not been for a handsome easel standing beside the window. The disorder of tubes and brushes showed that it had been recently used, but there were no unfinished pictures, no draperies, or artistic *bric-a-brac* to show that its owner was an artist by profession; there was no platform for a model, no *marguerite* or porcelain for still life, nothing which might supply *motif* to Madeline, nothing but the baby cooing on the floor; he was model and subject and *motif* in one.

When she had coaxed the struggling coal into a blaze, she placed canvas on the easel where it could best catch the fading light; then she fed her boy and contentedly finished the bread and milk remaining from his meal. There was something very touching in this girl's cheerfulness under such circumstances, a happy capability of being contented under conditions which few women could have tolerated, which might have moved a spectator to tears at its pathos.

Madeline saw nothing pathetic in it; everything seemed supportable, poverty and hunger and discomfort, so long as she could kiss those little red lips and hear the baby prattle of her boy. Yet when she had undressed and laid him down again on the rug, and only his low breathing disturbed the silence in the room, she wrung her hands and her eyes grew wild and frightened. What was she to do if her one means of earning money failed her? They could not live long on the few shillings she had in her purse; then—

Madeline shuddered and whispered the word, starvation.

She looked round the room; there was nothing that could be converted into money besides the canvas and her cloak; what furniture there was belonged to the woman from whom the room was rented, and who took charge of the baby during her absence.

She had no jewels with her, nothing except her wedding-ring; her eyes grew hard and stern as she looked at it; it had brought her little but suffering, but her need would be great before she parted with it.

What was she to do? The question pressed itself upon her. It had never obtruded itself so persistently as to-night; with girlish *insouciance* she had borne the revelation of her husband's faithlessness; with womanly hurt she had escaped from the fetters he had himself broken, and she had borne with motherly love the indignity of her position for the sake of her child; he, at least, should have no reason to associate evil with the name of the father he would never know.

Now and then, in the first few weeks of separation from her husband, Madeline had thought of the future, but the prospect had been seen through the medium of her optimism and inexperience, and it had not alarmed her. She was so gay and sunny it was impossible for shadow to rest long upon her, and when her money came to an end it would be easy enough to earn more by selling her painting—Madeline was rather proud of the forethought which had induced her to include her painting materials among the few things she had brought from home on the evening of her sudden flight—and then she had baby with her, and she could not be unhappy where he was.

They had not managed badly at first, the two. With a joyous sense of danger escaped, the young mother had taken her child to a respectable lodging-house, where she had remained until rapidly decreasing funds had warned her that she must reduce her expenditure.

Since that time, in spite of economy to which Madeline had been wholly unaccustomed, she had been obliged to fall back upon her own efforts in order to support herself and the boy.

Knowledge of human nature came to her in a painful guise, and she learned, too late to spare herself suffering, the difference between assured position and uncertain mediocrity. The work which had been applauded in the elegant studio with its costly fittings seemed almost unworthy of notice away from its sumptuous surrounding, and in the alien *entourage* of the dealers' shops it grew positively feeble and pretentious. It was not without merit, nevertheless; Madeline could catch the splendor of a sunset, and bring the breadth and slope of breezy downs so close that in presence of her landscapes one held his breath and felt the shadows of mountain masses of clouds sweeping over him; the winds grew heavy with the scent of heather and gorse when she pictured stretching moorlands, and the roar of breakers could clearly be heard when her subject was yellow sand or flashing waves. Perhaps her art was simply the trick of nature; certain it is that away from the sea and beyond sight of the moorland it failed her; she could not create by force of imagination.

The few sketches she had brought with her had been sold after much difficulty, and Madeline had seated herself to paint for her living. She looked round the attic at its bare, white-washed walls, and then through the window at the long vista of chimney-pots, then back again to the room in which was nothing beautiful, nothing except herself and the child, and she pressed her hand to her forehead despairingly—where could she find a subject?

The boy had answered her unspoken question by creeping to her feet and pulling at her gown: she had kissed him joyfully, and had set him on the floor and begun to paint. At the end of the sitting she had blocked in his figure, and in a few days the baby was smiling on the canvas, rosy and beautiful.

It was hard to part with the picture she had painted with such pride and joy, but it was necessary, and so Madeline had started out that morning to seek a purchaser. She went from shop to shop, half relieved, yet disappointed, to meet with refusals only, and it was as a last attempt that she had gone into the shop in Regent Street where we first saw her. Now every effort had failed, and she was asking herself what she was to do. She drew out her purse and counted the money it contained and her heart sank, for there were only three shillings, and on Saturday the month's rent was due! If the picture was not sold before Saturday she would be penniless.

Madeline was an orphan, friendless; she grew cold as she realized that she must help herself or perish with her child.

One other alternative was before her: she might return to her husband and give up the terrible struggle with fate, but her woman's pride refused to consent to such a course, and she rose and bent over the sleeping child. He stirred in his sleep and she soothed him softly, then she stood up brave and strong to face the future: for the sake of her boy she must never return to her husband.

CHAPTER II.

Two months later, and Madeline Vivien sat with haggard face nursing her dying child. Could the pinched face, the little shrunken limbs, the white lips, belong to the baby who had laughed merrily on the floor only eight weeks ago? The mother's heart rose up in bitter denial. It was not her child, but the offspring of despair and want, lying on her knee. She held the thin little frame passionately to her as she glanced round her room. Was there nothing left? Nothing by the sale of which the baby's life might be prolonged a few hours longer? She did not mind starvation for herself, but it was hard to see him die, and to be powerless to give him the food that would save him.

These weeks had been a grim struggle with destiny; failing to get employment of any kind, Madeline had been obliged to sell her few possessions, and one by one they had gone, until she had disposed of everything for which she could find

a purchaser: the boy's clothes had been replaced by coarser garments, her own were as scant as might be; easel and box had gone, a few old tubes and brushes on a cracked plate, and a canvas which had been used to replace a broken pane in the window were all the relics of art remaining. The picture, still unsold, had found its way to the pawn-shop, whither had preceded it everything for which no buyer could be found; they had reached the last stage of want now, and as the woman looked round the room she saw that there was nothing in it which could be converted into money. Yet the boy was dying before her eyes, perishing for want of that which was so plentiful in his father's house, which she might have procured for the asking, which was still ready to her hand would she but seek for it.

Could she stoop to such a humiliation—to ask bread from the man whose faithlessness had driven her to this extremity? The woman's pride said No, but the mother's love cried Yes!

In quick resolution Madeline rose up; not a moment was to be lost; she would return to her husband's home before the child died.

Her sudden movement awakened the baby, and he opened his eyes and stretched out his hand to his mother, seizing one of her fingers with a little cry; the poor woman burst into tears, and would have drawn her fingers from the clinging baby-clasp, for it was the third finger of the left hand, and the ring was no longer there. If she returned to her husband it would be without the sign which marked the difference between her and the nominal mistress of the house.

She sat down again and rocked herself to and fro in her misery; she could not return like that—the one door of escape was closed to her; she must remain and die with her child.

Like a creature at bay she looked wildly around her again; she might have missed something, surely some one thing remained which might buy food for the child.

There was nothing to be seen but the old tubes and the dirty canvas; there was nothing to be heard but the steady drip, drip, of rain on the tiles outside. All at once the sound became associated with the words she had heard during a shower some weeks before, "*True art has to do with decay and death.*" Madeline smiled with a woman's bitterness as she said the words aloud. She had lost her girlishness, and looked, despite her nineteen years, as aged and careworn as a woman of forty; all the gracious roundness of face and figure had disappeared, she was gaunt and thin, and her face wore the hunted expression of one who is dying of hunger.

"True art? Surely I know it now," she said harshly, glancing from her bony fingers to the quiet little form on her knee. As she gazed her breath came thick and fast, and a red flush rose to her forehead as she glanced at the window; for a moment she hesitated, then—

"Oh, my baby! Oh, my darling, forgive me! I must do it to save you," she cried; but she shuddered as she laid the child down, and stepped to the window from which she took the old canvas.

The air, getting cool now, for it was early October, seemed to chill her to the bone, but she closed her lips firmly and examined the tubes on the plate without faltering.

It was not yet nine o'clock, and she set to work busily; in a little while the walls of the attic began to appear upon the canvas; they were roughly sketched in, and spoke eloquently of the poverty of the place. The fireless grate, the bare floor, the rough table, were put in one by one, and then with a strange sorrow in her eyes Madeline turned to the baby. He was lying upon an old shawl fast asleep, the blue-veined lids fallen over the eyes, the white, sunken cheek, the colorless lips, seeming to belong to the dead rather than to the living. One thin baby arm was visible; it lay upon the boards, the forefinger of the hand pointing stiffly towards the door.

Madeline's eyes grew dark with tears, and she bent over the child and kissed him softly before she resumed her work; then, the same determined resolution upon her

face, she began to model the little limbs. Once she paused, and covered her face with her hands, determined not to continue, but the weakness was only momentary. "True art has to do with decay and death," she repeated, adding bitterly, "and if this be so, life itself is truest art."

Once again she took up her brush and proceeded with her work. She painted rapidly and well, without knowing the beauty of line and composition growing under her hand, attaining without conscious effort as admirable as it was difficult of achievement.

The morning went on and she was still at her task; she stopped and looked at the baby anxiously; could he stir before she had completed it? No, he was sleeping quietly still, not even a curl of hair moved by the wind, which, coming through the broken pane, was making her fingers stiff and cold. It was all the better that he still slept; she could not bear to hear his feeble wail when he was awake and cried for the food she could not give him:

And more and more smiled Isabel
To see the baby sleep so well.

The lines recurred to her with a kind of shock, and, fearing she knew not what she went and looked down at the baby; then she smiled at her own foolishness as she heard the low breathing of the little one, and returning to her work with new courage to complete it. She painted in feverish excitement, lines from other poems repeating themselves under every train of thought.

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

"Yet who would believe," she said fiercely, "that in this great city, among all its riches, women and children are daily dying for lack of food?"

"Alas! that bread should be so dear, and flesh and blood so cheap!" Who cares? Who among all these millions gives a thought to the starving thousands that perish?"

Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Her thoughts answered her. "What have I done that I should suffer so?" she moaned. "How could I remain to see another taking my place in my husband's house? Surely it was no crime to save my child. Could I bear to see him growing like his father? It is hard, O God! it is hard! but the sin—if it was sin—is mine; punish me if Thou wilt, but save my baby!"

Little light came into the attic at the best of times, but daylight was fading already; Madeline had no time to spare for her thoughts, she must hasten on. She closed her lips determinedly and worked on, the picture growing beneath her touch with inconceivable rapidity. It was only a sketch, but she grew dimly conscious that every stroke of the brush was telling; if she could get the whole effect in that one sitting, there would be no need to alter the picture by the smallest detail. "I will not even glaze it," she resolved.

By this time the artist's enthusiasm had begun to render the feelings of the mother less vividly sensitive, and Madeline had forgotten the lapse of time in the absorption of her work.

The baby still slept quietly, and the picture neared its completion. As the last rays of the sunset touched the window, the woman put down her brushes with a sigh of relief; the sketch, though rough, was practically finished.

Madeline walked slowly back from the table at which she had been sitting to get the full effect of her work. As she gazed at the picture she grew deadly pale, and staggered against the wall with starting eyes, for the child she saw on the canvas was not her own living boy, but a dead baby. Horror-stricken she gazed wildly with parted lips at the terrible thing; she had painted her child as though he were dead!

"O God!" she groaned, "I must be mad! What have I done?"

She crossed the room swiftly and knelt down beside the baby, and pressed her lips on the little child's forehead.

Then a great cry rang through

the room, and she fell forward senseless, for the baby was dead.

CHAPTER III.

"H'm! ah, well, yes, I must say the emotional tendency is very fine; some grasp on reality in that picture. Pardon me, madam, but I must congratulate you on a distinct advance upon your last work."

The dealer held the picture out at arm's length and gazed at it, his lips pursed up, his head at the correct critical angle from his shoulder.

"A distinct advance, I assure you; that foreshortening is admirable, the line of death on the cheek is—life-like, I may say, the open lips, mouth scarcely fallen as though death had only recently taken place, are really a triumph of effect, and the gray shadow—"

It was too much; only a stern necessity prevented Madeline from snatching the canvas from the man and rushing out of the shop. As it was she clenched her hands tightly, and reminded herself that she needed the money to pay for the child's funeral, before she interrupted the man, whose every word pierced her heart like a dagger.

"Are you willing to purchase the picture?"

"I shall do so eventually, but I am not prepared to name a price just now. I might sell it on commission."

Madeline clasped her hands nervously.

"I am in immediate need, otherwise I would not sell the picture at all. It would oblige me."

"Certainly, I quite understand; if you will be good enough to give me your address, I will let you know my price later in the day."

Madeline flushed, but she steadied her hand and wrote her address on the sheet of paper he pushed towards her. Then faint from sorrow and want of food, she left the shop and walked feebly back to the attic where the baby was lying.

There was no welcoming baby voice to greet her as she wearily ascended the stairs, and she unlocked the door and entered the room with a terrible consciousness of desolation.

As she looked, white and tearless, at the little waxen face a moment after, she shivered from head to foot; a faint dark line surrounded the mouth, the first sad evidence of change. She started back shocked and agonized.

"So soon," she moaned, "Not three days dead, and already—"

Then a sharp thought stung her into keener anguish; her baby would soon be taken out of her sight, and she had sold the only picture of him that she possessed. Prudence whispered that it was necessary to provide money for the expenses of the funeral, but Madeline would not listen, and, tired as she was, prepared to return to Regent Street, and reclaim her picture. Her fast had not been broken since the baby died, and she staggered as she reached the pavement, but she hurried on wildly, only anxious to arrive at the shop in time to stop the sale of the picture.

Soon after Madeline had left the dealer's shop, a lady and gentleman, attracted by a fine Barocco in the window, came in.

The dealer was expatiating on the beauties of the painting to the lady, while her companion gazed listlessly around. All at once he started and walked quickly to the other end of the shop, where he paused before Madeline's picture, evidently under the influence of strong excitement.

"This, madam, is a remarkable picture. It is mentioned by Dr. Passavant in his *Kunstreise*. Observe the delicacy of modelling, the purity of tone, not often attained by painters of that school, I am sorry to say. If you had come in half an hour earlier I should have said our modern school could produce nothing like that, but I have just secured a composition which is a really extraordinary work of art. The whole effect seems to be the result of unpremeditated work. There is scarcely any labor in it, yet its emotional beauty is perfect."

He led the way to the picture, bowing low as he waved his hand theatrically towards it, the gesture

[Concluded on Fourth page.]

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 17, 1895.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 16th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

THE editor of the Minnesota Companion tells a pathetic story of a young man, a deaf-mute, who is incarcerated in an insane asylum, and who is as rational as people usually are. The physician at the asylum admits that there is no necessity for keeping the deaf-mute there, and he would be allowed his liberty had he a home to go to. His committal to the asylum was the result of poor education. He could not understand and reply to the complicated questions written to him, when arraigned in court on a charge of attempting to kill his father. An interpreter who understood the sign language, would have given the case a different color more favorable to the deaf-mute, but unfortunately none was at hand, and the poor fellow, if he ever gets out, will have the additional drawback of having been in an insane asylum. People will be afraid to give him employment. His only hope liberty seems to be in securing work on a farm among strangers. It is a sad case, and the Companion deserves praise for bringing it before the public. We hope our Minnesota contemporary will keep up the fight until the man is set free.

REV. DR. THOMAS GALLAUDET is now on the ocean and will reach New York this week. His work in England and Ireland in behalf of the deaf has been fruitful of much good, and he has succeeded in enlisting popular interest in the mission work of our British brethren. On the 24th inst., it is proposed to give him a "welcome home," and the ladies in charge of the movement anticipate a large and enthusiastic gathering on the occasion. Dr. Gallaudet is a friend of the deaf, true and tried, and his years on earth, numbering over seven decades, admonish us that the opportunity to do him honor in the flesh will not occur many times in the future. Therefore, we should make the most of the present and cheer his declining years with evidences of the warmth and affection which the deaf entertain towards him, and at the same time testify to a continued appreciation of his noble and self-sacrificing work.

WHILE the world in general is discussing with alarm the possibility that Faye's comet will strike us and the earth will be blotted out of existence, a new luminary, from North Carolina, swoops across the horizon in the shape of a neat and well-edited little weekly, called *The Kelly Messenger*. This is rather an odd name for a newspaper, but, as in the case of the *Goodson Gazette*, there is a reason for the peculiar cognomen, which reason is explained as follows:

"The Kelly Messenger has thus been named in honor of Mr. John Kelly, of Orange County. Mr. Kelly was a benevolent man and a friend of the deaf, and at his death, bequeathed the sum of six thousand dollars for the purpose of educating poor deaf-mutes in this State. This bequest was made in 1851, and though it has been almost half a century, every deaf-mute in North Carolina ought to reverence the name of John Kelly."

The paper is edited by E. McK. Goodwin, with H. McP. Hofstater

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

A Very Easy Foot Ball Victory.

A COLLEGE YELL SUGGESTED.

Lots of News Paragraphs from Kendall Green.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

Our first eleven are in the roles of conquering heroes; they made a score of 20 to 0, off the Central High School team, on Saturday afternoon.

Game was called at four o'clock, Centrals with the ball. Oyster and Erd kicked the ball to five and ten yard lines, respectively. Price making the first touchdown in ten minutes after our boys got the ball in the fumble. Goal-try successful.

Oyster's next kick, Roth caught with little advance, finally Price made another touchdown from Central's 15-yard line. Goal kicked successfully. Time called with the ball on Central's five-yard line.

After Erd's kick, caught by Taylor at the Central's thirty-yard line, the ball was in play ten minutes before Erd made the third touchdown with a twenty-eight-yard run. Goal failed.

Grimm made the next touchdown after ten minutes, but goal failed.

Line-up of teams:

Central H. S.	Position.	Gallaudet.
Barrard	Center	Simelau, '97
Richmond	Right Guard	Brooks, '96
Kimmel	Left Guard	Rosson, '96
Smith	Right Tackle	Dudley, '96
Shulter	Left Tackle	Brookhagen, '97
Underwood	Right End	Roth, '97
Maxwell	Left End	Haig, '96
Tindall	Right Half Back	Grimm, '96
Taylor	Left Half Back	Price, '96
Oyster	Full Back	Erd, '96
Jolly	Quarter Back	Hubbard, '96

Umpire, Kestner, '97. Touchdowns, Price, '96, 2; Grimm, '96, 1; Erd, '96, 1.

The Faculty decided to allow an admission fee to be charged to outsiders as an experiment. A neat little sum was cleared, of which two-fifths was given to the High School voluntarily.

Manager Whitlocke, '97, has the following scheduled games:

On the Green:

October 16—Potomac Athletic Club.
19—Baltimore Athletic Club.
November 16—Maryland Agricultural College.
November 20—Baltimore City College.

Outside the Green:

October 26—University of Virginia.
November 9—Baltimore City College.

A game will also be played with Johns Hopkins University.

The Central High School team is far from being equal to ours in the size and strength of individuals, so one can hardly wonder at Saturday's walk-away. Especially since our little darkey-mascot, Frank Carroll, of the Kendall School, paraded in the glory of his buff and blue folly costume.

Of course you want a "straight" account of the foot-ball game, which I can only give by culling from other sources, but here are some side-lights on the game.

The Centrals lined up on either side of the field to the cheer on their eleven, amused themselves before the game with ear-splitting yells given in concert. Here is a specimen:

"Brecky-go-ax, go-ax-go-ax,
Brecky-go-ax-go-ax,
Keiro! Keiro!
Wally-go-ax!
Wally-go-ax!
HIGH-SCHOOL-CENTRALS!"

Then they was another about—

"Zim bum bus
You know us!"

But truth to tell it seemed to me there was a mournful wail about the outlandish combination which seemed to presage disaster to the High School rooters. And in the light of succeeding events I think there was. Why even the clouds wept for that pitiful High School aggregation's goose-eggs!

In the heat of the game some Central sympathizer would give vent to his excitement in such exclamations as, "Jump on him!" "Give 'em the old trick." Once Mr. Erd, '98, received on the head a pretty hard knock, and a chorus of voices yelled "Rub your head!"

"Rub your head!" Which Erd obediently was doing with Mr. Grimm to help.

Once when Dudley, '96, was down, with the ball stretched fully a yard ahead with his long arms, while he gently wriggled forward, a Central boy yelled in a heart-rending wail:

"Oh Bill! O—h Bill!"

"Don't let him shove so!"

What struck me most forcibly, and probably what also struck the Central eleven most forcibly too, was the individual strenght of some of our men. For instance once I saw Simelau, '97, after the ball with almost the whole line at his heels, he gave one mighty backward, jerk and braced himself, and it looked as though the rest were tumbling helter-skelter against a stone wall.

Again I saw Price, '99, on one of his magnificent runs, brush away the Centrals like so many flies.

The way the "co-eds" can ask "why?" "why?" "what?" "what?" "which?" is a caution, but the Freshies and their canes were always patient, and smilingly gave the score to the anxious "co-eds," or explained why they did this, or didn't do that.

I don't care if this is a college for the deaf, I think we ought to have a college-yell, 'twould look nice in print anyhow, to have some standard college rhyme with which to celebrate victories; like, say:

Zip zip zoo!
Rah-roo! Rah-roo!
Buff and Blue
Zet! Zet!
G-a-l-l-a-u-d-e-t!

But, of course, it would have to be an officially adopted one, like any college yell.

When one views the players in football as a whole, the game does not seem so terrifically ferocious; but the moment one begins to follow some individual player, it takes one's breath away to watch him now in the thick of some mad rush; now at the bottom of a sprawling, kicking heap; now thrown head over heels by the force of a collision. It is then one begins to quake, and blood boils, and one realizes the wisdom of a suggestion some one made that all football players take out accident policies from the Washington News, then in case of a broken arm, etc., or a broken neck, if a copy of the News is found on the corpse, his widow, or orphan, or specified heirs, get several hundred dollars.

Are you tired of foot-ball?

The Vesper Lawn Tennis Club held its semi-annual meeting Saturday morn. Officers were elected as follows:—President, Merrill, '98; Vice-President, Kestner, '97; Secretary, Smielau, '97; Treasurer, Rothert, '98; Captain, Bath, '99.

The Buff and Blue Board also met, and it was finally decided to have the paper printed here in Washington. Some improvement will be made, and the associate-editors will begin to ponder over the tantalizing proof-sheets soon.

Friday evening the '00 class were measured for gymnasium suits.

Mr. Adams, gymnasium instructor, will take the degree of M.D. in two years. He attends class lectures and dissecting-room experiments at the National University.

Friday eve occurred the much-talked of Xi Phi Sigma conclave and banquet. Messrs. Roberts, ex-'82, Brookmire, '85, and Wurdeman, ex-'91, were admitted as honorary members.

Our second eleven has been convicted of the murder in first degree of the Episcopal High School of Alexandria, on November 11th.

The Press Club has decided to organize under the name, "Kendall Green Press Club," with officers:—President, Sullivan, '96, Secretary-Treasurer Eickhoff, '98.

Dr. Gallaudet was quite sick for a few days last week, and was not seen around college for a time.

Dr. Fay's son, Sidney, won highest honors in his History class at Harvard.

We all had our picture "took" out on the chapel terrace steps. Mr. Rosson had a tremendous amount of patience fixing us and refixing us just so, then waiting like a martyr for the sun to cloud over properly. When he took the "Duck" co-eds he waited precisely half an hour for the clouds to roll by. But some one is sure to find something wrong in the proofs, so we had to do it all over again in a few days. Then just at the critical moment the camera broke. And I don't wonder; for the Juniors had on "those hats." I've tried to keep still about those stove-pipe hats, but it's impossible. Eight white tiles with canes to boot was enough to break even Rosson's camera.

The Owls also had a group taken. Miss Allison posed on the Gallaudet statue, and ended by spraining her ankle so severely that she has been on crutches ever since, and boasts a plaster of paris foot.

Fortune is smiling on Mr. Lucas, our gate-keeper, and visions of untold wealth enchant him. So if the grass on the Princess tennis-court grows rank; if the yanking of the "small boys," and marching them in a ragged, giggling procession out the college gate has lost its zest to Mr. Lucas, you will understand it is because such small matters are beneath a prospective millionaire.

Down in "Virginia" Mr. Lucas owns a farm, and there has recently been discovered on his land a mineral spring of valuable medical properties. Physicians here in Washington are now prescribing this water, and I saw a long analysis of its contents. There are silicates, and carbonates, and sulphates galore, and the whole is pronounced by the expert to be exceedingly beneficial and free from organic impurities. It is to be hoped Mr. Lucas will leave a legacy to the college.

Prof. Porter has come back and has had to spend half his time shaking hands. He spent part of the summer at Nantucket and at Farmington, Conn., where his sisters live. I wonder if you all know about that famous seminary at Farmington, of which Prof. Porter's sister has been the head for over forty years. The "Miss Porters' School for Young Ladies" has been

very fashionable. "Young Ladies" have been quite willing to pay one thousand dollars a year, and to board four in a room at Miss Porters' Seminary. Nellie Grant Sartoris attended there, Blaine's daughter Margaret was enrolled also, and Secretary Fish's daughter belonged to it. Miss Porter is now eighty, but still goes over to the school every morning before breakfast.

Miss Watts' '99, father paid her a short visit on his way to Lynchburg, Va.

The "co-eds" have formed a new club called the "Jollity Club." In the winter, time often hangs heavy and drags slowly even here in college. The Owls are just a little staid and solemn, as becomes Owls; so the "Jollity Club" will give zest and fun needed. A nutting party out in Kendall woods will come off next week, for reports say the chestnuts are thick. Saturday we were to have gone to Mt. Vernon to spend the day, but rain and the foot-ball game prevented. The "Jollity Club" will give a Halloween party, which I'll tell you about by and by. Then we promise a dramatic entertainment, to be held in the chapel and to be quite an ambitious affair.

The club officers are: President, Miss McDill, '96; Secretary, Miss Rogers, '96; Treasurer, Miss Kershner, '97. Committee of arrangements, President, Secretary, Treasurer, and Miss Price, '97, and Runk, '98.

The "Lit" Library opened to the "co-eds" Saturday morning, and it kept the Librarian busy supplying thirty girls. Miss Weickel, the "co-ed" gymnasium teacher, beginning Tens, will devote a half hour to each girl in accurate measurements preparatory to the opening of the gym, which will be November 1st. At the summer school of physical training in the Hemenway gymnasium, Harvard College, Miss Weickel added to her reputation by leading in the exercises performed on suspended ladders, last summer. She is full of enthusiasm and will organize a "co-ed" team for basket-ball, which will play match games with the Carrell Institute girls' team.

Sunday afternoon exercises were quite interesting, as it was the day of the Sunday-school concert. Among those who took part were Messrs. Davis, Stutsman and Glenn, '99, DeLong, '00, and Lewis, '96. The subject was the theme "Call." A collection of about \$8 was taken up.

The exercises closed with an interesting talk from the Hindoo Normal-student, Mr. Banerji. He spoke with ease in English, Dr. Gallaudet translating into signs. His voice is very rich and his sentences are in the most polished form; some parts were even eloquent. He spoke of having studied the oral system of teaching the deaf in England, and attending the convention at Dublin where he met Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, who interested him in the success of the combined system here in the United States. He told us he was studying methods but preferred to keep independent views of his own. He spoke at some length of the deaf in India, of which there are more than two hundred thousand with only two schools to educate them. The one at Bombay for boys receives aid from the government, amounting to about twenty-five dollars monthly; but the school at Calcutta for boys and girls receives no aid from the government, though a rather vague promise has been given to its principal, Mr. Banerji.

The condition of the deaf in India, he says, is pitiable, compared to what it could be with our advantages. They themselves regard their own education an impossibility, and decline in many cases to try such an experiment. In our case a deaf boy, in crude signs, declared his determination not to be educated. Mr. Banerji was at a loss how to prove him mistaken, but happened to think of some pictures of schools for the deaf sent him by friends, and showed them to this deaf Hindoo, who could scarcely believe the groups were those of deaf children. Mr. Banerji spoke in glowing terms of India's past grandeur long before the nations which lead to-day were dreamed of. He mentioned, too, the thousands of graduates who every year go out from the English University at Calcutta and, mingling with the people, are bringing India to a state of unrest far different from the lethargy of fifty years ago.

But I have space for no more of his interesting address, we are glad to respond cordially to his closing request for our friendship.

LAURA MCDILL.

Amsterdam, N. Y.

Wm. A. Watts returned home last week from a short visit in Schenectady.

Your scribe takes the pleasure to announce the tenth anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Tulloch's marriage, that will take place on the day before Christmas.

Mr. Tulloch works in the quarry at Quackenburgh, nine miles from Schenectady, at blacksmithing.

There are five deaf-mutes living in the "Electric City," as Schenectady is called, (for there is located

the great plant of the Edison Works, and two other companies, where nearly ten thousand hands are employed.)

The closure of the carpet mills of Sanford & Sons one week on account of low water, has been broken. They started again two weeks ago with 2,000 with hands.

Mr. J. H. Brown has been a steady worker there for about thirty-five years.

The mutes have the pleasure of enjoying the hospitality of Mrs. John H. Brown on Sundays. She has the charming manners of a lady in the way of entertaining callers.

At what age should a man retire from his active career? What folly to attempt to set an age limit when the sole test is usefulness.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

A short time ago an impostor called at Mr. Albert Berg's residence. Mr. Berg answered the bell, and was handed the impostor's card. It read:

"I came from Louisville, Ky. My sister is dead. I am deaf and dumb. Can you give me five, ten, or twenty-five cents?"

To know Mr. Berg is to admire him for his philanthropic spirit, and from mere force of habit, he asked the impostor his name. The impostor, who was not able to read, so it seems, was at a loss to reply. After several repeated attempts to make himself understood, Mr. Berg finally saw he was being imposed upon, and in a very unconventional manner, took the impostor by the coat collar, and tried to put him into the street.

"When Greek meet Greek, then comes the tug of war." The impostor, not accustomed to such hard treatment, refused to be ejected until he had been given back his card. Mr. Berg's wrath knew no bounds. Finally he drove away the impostor, and from latest accounts of the crowd that had gathered around, the impostor was seen to limping up the street, never to be seen again.

On Thursday evening of last week, a group of deaf-mutes, numbering about ten in all, were standing in front of Short's drug store discussing political matters, when suddenly Mr. G. Harmoning came along, and told Mr. W. Edwards that some one wanted to see him at once. Mr. Edwards accompanied Mr. Harmoning to the place referred to. It turned out that it was Mr. C. E. Steinwender, a deaf-mute, that wanted to see him. Mr. Steinwender was one time a "boss" deaf-mute politician, that is, he used to lead the deaf on political matters. He asked Mr. Edwards to have the boys attend a political meeting. Mr. Edwards declined the invitation, saying that the deaf preferred to go to Rev. Mr. Mann's lecture on that evening. A hot discussion followed about the candidates for the Republican and Democratic parties. Finally Mr. Steinwender lost his temper and struck Mr. Edwards in the jaw, and then ran away. Mr. Edwards called the assistance of the other deaf-mutes and chased him up the street to East Washington Street, his abode, and entered, closing the door after him. A large crowd soon gathered, who expected to see a fight, but good counsel prevailed, and Mr. Edwards and his friends departed. The next morning Mr. Edwards obtained a warrant for his assailant's arrest. Mr. Steinwender was later arrested, but was bailed out by a Ward politician. The case was fixed for October 11th, at nine o'clock.

At the Institution for the Deaf, Rev. A. W. Mann entertained the pupils and other deaf-mutes by a lecture on "Venice." On Sunday Mr. Mann officiated in the church on Vermont Avenue.

Mr. W. S. Abrams, of New York, has been appointed to coach a football team here, and will also probably play with the eleven himself.

A number of deaf-mutes from this city were in Chicago recently, and visited the rooms of the Pas-a-Pas Club. They report having had a good time.

Six deaf-mutes from Louisville, Ky., were in this city two Saturdays ago. They were Messrs. H. Giesla, H. Dunham, C. Stutka, J. Schull and Misses Fannie Young and Anna Kremer.

A new deaf-mute club is soon to be organized in this city. Already fourteen names have been secured. Several prominent gentlemen have interested themselves in the new organization, and promise to help it along.

Louis Bohman, a pupil of the Indianapolis Institution, who was last August run over by a trolley car, and lost one of his legs, has recovered sufficiently to walk by the aid of two crutches. His parents will sue the company for damages in a few weeks.

A sparring exhibition will be given in the Park theatre between Messrs. Steerer and Keller, both deaf-mutes, for the deaf-mute championship of Indianapolis shortly.

Services in the Diocese of Albany.

OCTOBER.
20—3:00 P.M., St. John's Johnstown, Evening Prayer.
H. VAN ALLEN,
Diocesan Missionary.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

OCTOBER.
19—7:30 P.M., Grand Rapids, Lecture.
20—10:30 A.M., Grand Rapids, Holy Communion.
20—3 P.M., Grand Rapids, Evening Prayer and Sermon.
20—7:30 P.M., Grand Rapids—Probable.
21—7:30 P.M., Detroit, Evening Service and Sermon.
22—8 P.M., Cleveland.
23—7 P.M., Cleveland, Service and Address.
26—Evening, Columbus, Lecture if opportunity offers.
27—9 A.M., Columbus, Service.
27—11 A.M., Columbus, Holy Communion.
27—3 P.M., Columbus, Evening Prayer and Sermon.

Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments.

OCTOBER.
20—10:45 A.M., Holy Communion, St. James, Buffalo.
20—4 P.M., Evening Prayer, St. James, Buffalo.
24—7:30 P.M., Geneva.
25—7:30 P.M., Watkins.
26—Owego.
27—10:45 A.M., Holy Communion, Christ's Church, Binghamton.
27—4 P.M., Evening Prayer, Christ's Church, Binghamton.

Address: REV. C. O. DANTZER,
17 Glenwood Ave.,
Rochester, N. Y.

LECTURE.

Mr. Wm. G. Jones will lecture in the room at St. Mark's Church of the Guild of Deaf-Mutes, on Adelphi Street, between DeKalb and Willoughby Avenues, on Thursday, November 7th, at 8 P.M. His subject will be "Cymbeline." Admission, 15 cents.

CHAS. E. GREEN, Sec'y.

Bloomsburg, Pa.

The County Fair proved a success in every way, and large crowds were in attendance daily. On Thursday, the following deaf-mutes were there: Miss Maggie Treas, of Danville, Pa., and Messrs. John P. Kennedy, of Jamison City, Thomas Nankivell, of this place, and John P. Detweiler, of Danville, Pa.

Miss Maggie Treas was in town last Thursday, for a four days' visit.

Mr. Charles N. Snyder, of Northumberland, Pa., is attending the Central High School in Mount Airy, Pa. His parents removed to Kingston, Pa., some time ago.

John P. Detweiler was very sorry to learn of the death of Prof. Thomas Burnside, last month.

Mr. Charles Haupt, of Milton, Pa., who was in town recently, looking for employment, failed to find any, and has gone home.

John P. Kennedy and John P. Detweiler have been enjoying hospitalities at the home of their friend, Thomas Nankivell, during the fair. They returned home on Friday evening. Mr. Kennedy in appearance strongly resembles Mr. Thomas Breen, of Philadelphia.

Messrs. Thomas Nankivell and John P. Detweiler expect to enjoy a trip to Jamison City, Pa., next Thanksgiving Day, where they hope to meet their friend, John P. Kennedy.

Mrs. M. Nankivell, the mother of Mr. Thomas Nankivell, is visiting relatives in Wisconsin, Mich.

Charles Martin, a graduate of the Boston Institute, was employed as a shoemaker in Orangeville, Pa., but became insane, and was taken the asylum in Boston, Mass.

Mr. Claud Seidel, of Washingtonville, Pa., aged twenty, has never been educated. He is working on a farm here.

Mrs. Charles E. Sullivan, nee Miss Cassie Saggy, of Danville, Pa., was married to John Sam James (speaking) in Bloomsburg, Pa., last month. They reside in Grove Street, near Danville, Pa.

W. W. Swartz, who claims a residence in Williamsport, Pa., is said to be selling, needles, and commands big returns therefrom.

DAN.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, OCTOBER 20TH.

St. Ann's in Church of St. John the Evangelist, New York, 3:30 P.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M.

Church of the Intercession, Boulevard and 158th Street, N. Y., 11 A.M., Holy Communion.

Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P.M., Holy Communion.

St. Peter's Church, Portchester, 3 P.M.

NOTICE.

A "Welcome Home" will be tendered to Rev. Thos. Gallaudet on Thursday evening, October 24th, at 8 o'clock, in the Parish House of the Church of St. John, the Evangelist, 11th Street and Waverly Place. We would like a good attendance on that evening, and trust all will make a special effort to be present.

Refreshment will be served for the small amount of 15 cents.

DIRECTIONS.

The Church of St. John the Evangelist is situated at 215 218, and 220 West 11th Street, corner of Waverly Place. Cars from all parts of the city run within one block. The blue cross-town cars running from 28th Street Ferry, via Union Square, to Christopher Street, pass the door. Also the 13th Street Ferry cross-town passes the church running through Waverly Place. Take 6th Avenue Elevated Railroad and get off at 8th Street Station and walk five blocks to the church.

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CHAS. E. GREEN, Sec'y.

NEW YORK.

It will be an "Off Year" with the Union League.

AN EVENT SET DOWN FOR DECEMBER 10th.

St. Ann's Was Founded Over Mineta Creek.—A. L. Pach's "New Girl" is a Boy.—Dr. Gallaudet Due Home.—A. A. Barnes Visits Atlanta.—Gossipy Items.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Theo. I. Lounsbury's address is 969 Third Avenue, New York City.

For the first time in the history of its existence, the Union League will do away with its annual grand ball this year. This was decided upon at their regular meeting held last Thursday evening. The reasons for this step are that the outlook does not seem to be very bright for good financial returns, if they make the venture, inasmuch as a majority of the members were of the opinion that the deaf were getting tired of these annual festivals, and perhaps a little rest would be a good dose for their tired feelings, so that next year, the venture might be made with less risk than seems to surmount them at present. This should not be taken as an indication that its treasury is at a low ebb; on the contrary it is in a flourishing condition, with something over a thousand dollars invested at six per cent. However, its roster shows but twenty-one members, but this is nothing, as it fluctuates as stocks in Wall Street, and beats Chicago Gas way out of sight, sometimes rising to forty-five and then falling to—I know not what.

The League has not as yet secured regular meeting rooms, but are on a hunt that rivals Parkhurst's butts against the Tiger. If they find rooms in good time, the Quad Club may become their tenants, but if the Quad Club get rooms of their own, the Union League may become tenants of the Quad Club, or both will combine on the rental.

Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet's birthday anniversary is to be celebrated on Tuesday, December 10th, by the Manhattan Literary Association, the oldest in point of years, but the smallest in point of members. It is to be hoped there will be a large turnout, and indeed there will be if a suitable hall is secured. It is understood Cafe Logeling will not be the place, as so much dissatisfaction was occasioned the previous year by the poor bill of fare.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet is now on the ocean, having left the other side on the Campania, which sailed on the 12th, and is due here Saturday or Sunday. If he gets here in time, he will be at St. John's Church Sunday. A week hence, the 24th, the "Welcome Home" will be tendered him in the Parish House of St. John's. A rousing reception it ought to be, and it generally is whenever the name of Gallaudet is connected with it, no matter which of the illustrious three.

Prof. W. G. Jones will exercise his limbs in giving a reading of "Romeo and Juliet" before the New Jersey Society next Saturday, the 19th, at their rooms, 755 Broad Street, Newark. After the lecture may all lovesick swains enjoy tranquil slumbers.

"The New Woman!" What a lot of talk about her—her bloomers, her bifurcated skirts, her balloon sleeves, her immaculate breast front, her cravat, and her cap pitched sideways on her head! The new woman as we are bound to understand her, is a man. Rather, she's apeing man; wants to boss things, smoke, drink and attend lodge meetings. "Xenue, me, it is a real boy, that I started to write about, a bouncing baby boy that surprised Alex. L. Pach at his end of the telephone Sunday morning, the 13th. So, instead of a new woman, it is a new boy. Congratulations.

The pulling down of St. Ann's Church and other buildings in the block reveals a bit of history. Where the church stood was formerly part of Mineta Creek, which was one of the numerous creeks and ponds that abounded when that part of the city was considered "way up town." It was filled in as was the canal where Canal Street now is, as well as other creeks and ponds. But at the corner of Sixth Avenue and 19th street, the builders for the new structure for Siegel, Cooper & Co. experienced the greatest difficulty. An old-fashioned sewer of the pattern of those on farms was encountered, and the suction pumps were given a lively exercise, but not after considerable expense and loss of time was this difficulty overcome.

Mr. A. A. Barnes, took a run down South two weeks ago, making Atlanta his destination, where he took in the exposition and enriched himself with worldly knowledge. He returned home Sunday, and feels that he made one of the best jour-

neys of his life. He speaks in the highest terms of the fair, especially the various state buildings. New York's is one no one can feel ashamed of, and between it and Pennsylvania's it would be a toss up as to which was the best in point of construction and general appearance. Alligators and other tropical reptiles were to be seen as they live in those lands. Mr. Barnes is a teetotaler, I believe, and so his accounts of boas, ligators, lizards, etc., are not to be taken with the proverbial grain of salt.

Patrick Campbell took a run down to Baltimore are two weeks ago to see his uncle. Ringing the door bell, he was surprised to have it answered by a stranger. Asking for his uncle, he was told he had died some months ago. Pat set about making enquiries, and learned that his uncle had left quite a fortune; letters having been sent to all his relatives to attend the probatory hearing of his will; but somehow Pat was never notified, and the ninety days passed, the money was divided, and now Pat is meditating over "what might have been" as he picks away at his case and measures type at the rate of 40 cents per M.

Dennis Sullivan has just returned from Haverstraw, where he was to attend the funeral of his brother, who died about five weeks ago. He is about to form a partnership with William Pitt of that place, with the main office in this city, to be known as Pitt and Co., and the nature of the business will be, perhaps, a curious combination, that of portrait artists and house painters. Mr. Pitt has been a boss painter for some time, while Mr. Sullivan is an artist of no mean repute.

Mr. and Mrs. LeClereq are keeping house at 105 W. 62 Street, and will be "at home" to their friends after November 1st.

The surviving members of the Brooklyn Society before it disbanded were photographed in a group last Sunday, for which \$6 will be paid, and a balance of \$8 they donate to the Brooklyn Guild.

The Alliance Society is dead. So its founder and president informed me. Peace to its ashes.

R. R. Tweed came to town from Albany last week, and expresses his intention of moving southward, Cuba being his final destination, where he will stay for good.

Mrs. Charles L. Schindler, of Brooklyn, is in Bridgeport, Conn., to stay a week or two, and incidentally to gather chestnuts, for which she has a sweet tooth.

Miss Hannah Henry returns to Brooklyn from Sullivan County this week.

Messrs. Redington and Kane recently had a lively experience. Kane called on Redington at a school house where the latter was employed as painter. While showing Kane through the building, the other workmen all left and locked the doors. Redington and Kane escaped from an all-night imprisonment through the coal chute, and went home as black as the famous gentleman of the wood pile.

Moritz Schoenfeld has lost his job through the decision of the proprietors or the German Edition of the *Daily News* (*Tages Nachrichten*) to discontinue its publication. He had been with this paper for fourteen years as a compositor. He came to this country fifteen years ago, and the first year peddled neckties, making good returns. He thinks he will take up some other trade, as it is hard to get on another German paper.

Miss Mattie Jaycox's father has gone South with his tug, and will be gone a year. He recently broke or sprained his arm, but is able to attend to his duties again.

The Quad Club holds a special meeting Saturday.

TED.

TROY AND ALBANY.

MR. VAN ALLEN'S RELIGIOUS WORK AMONG THE DEAF—OBITUARY—DOINGS OF THE TROJANS AND ALBANIANS—A FEW QUESTIONS ASKED—OTHER ITEMS.

Mr. Harry Van Allen, our missionary, held a religious service last Sunday afternoon, the 6th, at Albany, and he read an evening prayer at Troy the same evening. The attendance at Albany was very good, and at Troy fair. The writer had the pleasure of interviewing with him personally at Troy, and made a few inquiries in regard to his spiritual work among the deaf.

As little or nothing has been said in the papers for the deaf concerning his work, perhaps a few facts obtained from him may prove interesting to the readers.

Mr. Van Allen was a lay-reader under Rev. J. M. Koehler in Philadelphia two years ago, and on coming to Johnstown, N. Y., he was asked by the rector of a church to organize a bible class there for the deaf people who are members of the same church. It was the real beginning of his missionary career. His successful efforts, and painstaking labors toward the spiritual enlightenment of the deaf soon found a high position in the opinions of his rector and other hearing churchmen, who are warmly interested in the welfare of the deaf. Similar invitations were received

from other cities, and thus by degrees and without any preconceived plan quite an extensive circle of missions was organized. At present he regularly visits Albany, Troy, Schenectady, Amsterdam, Little Falls, Johnstown and Northville.

The annual convention of the Episcopal Diocese of Albany, held at Schenectady in 1894, formally recognized Mr. Van Allen's work by appointing a commission to take oversight of it. The commission consists of some of the most influential clergymen and laymen in the diocese, and in a short time it is hoped that the greater portion of the diocese can be covered. As it is, the interest manifested by the deaf has been most gratifying, and the future is a bright, encouraging one. The number of deaf people in the diocese is estimated at about six-hundred (600).

Mr. Van Allen said in substance: "The diocese is a difficult one to cover, as it is divided into two widely separated parts by the Adirondacks, making long detours necessary, and this partly accounts for the slowness with which the work has been expanded. I hope to visit Albany and Troy about once in every six weeks, and I am always glad to meet the deaf personally and to give any assistance in my power. While the work is under the direction of the Episcopal Church, it is undenominational in its aims, and the deaf of all creeds and professions are equally welcome."

Mr. Van Allen is very unassuming in person, but withal a man of marked intellectuality, with scholarly instincts, and a hearty fellow, too. He is a graduate of Gallaudet College, Class of '89, and holds the highest standard of scholarship which has been attained there.

The "College Chronicle" again appears! And it ceremoniously introduces to the public Laura McDill as its pen-wielder. We welcome her to the ranks of correspondents, and she is undoubtedly assured of success in her journalistic career. Unlike other members of the newspaper fraternity, and even the undersigned, she signs college letters with her own name, without attempting to conceal her identity. Her letters show a characteristic indication of her clear frankness, and fine sagacity of "college spirit."

The head-line "College Chronicle" is said to have been originated and used by Fox, '83, who has the distinction of being the first college-letter contributor when Gallaudet College was in its infancy. It has seen many of the college's brightest writers, such as Veditz, '84, Davidson, '85, Hanson, '86, Van Allen, '89, Regensburg, '90, Beadell, '91, Taylor, '92, and others I cannot recall. Miss Martin, '95, was the first lady correspondent.

I respectfully ask "Ted" a question! What is the abbreviation of Theodore? If he says it is "Ted," I think he must be wrong. It is Theo, not Ted. The diminutives of Edmund or Edward are Ed, Ned, Neddy, Ted, or Teddy. I do not say "Cab" is a nick-name of Clarence, if you happen to question me, but it is a corruption of C. A. B., which initials are by the merest accident formed into a right word, meaning a closed carriage with two wheels,—the common vehicle in the streets of Dietrich Kniekerbocker's town.

Here appears my old boy, J. H. T., the new correspondent from Oneida, N. Y., out in the backwoods of the Mohawk Valley. Shake hands! You say you are going out duck-hunting somewhere in Central New York. Pray don't go there, but go direct to Kendall Green, where you will bag plenty of game, I assure you. Last week, a pair of nice fat ducks was seen flying from New York City, southward, to seek their homes at Kendall Green, the celebrated rendezvous of the feathered tribes, who winter there.

Mr. Charles A. Smith's oldest sister Katherine, who was adjudged insane and was sent to the Hudson River Home for the Insane at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., last Spring, died of frequent convulsions and spasms last week. Her remains were interred in the Oakwood Cemetery at Troy. Charles has the heartfelt sympathy of his many friends.

Mr. John Hogan, who sailed under the name of "Tresmal" and afterwards "Tresbon," when writing school news for the *JOURNAL* during his pupilage at Fanwood, is at present slinging type on the *Sunday Telegram* at Albany.

Accompanied by Joe Kinney, the writer, went down to Albany last week, and witnessed the foot-ball game between Yale University and Union College of Schenectady, in which Yale, of course, won.

Mr. John Connerton, of West Troy, will move his family to Green Island, after the 15th of this month. Then he will be no longer an early riser, as Green Island is a few hops from his place of business.

Mr. Martin Taylor, of Berlin, N. Y.: Kindly send me a copy of your paper, which I understand you are going to start this month.

I will propound a question: Have you ever seen a blind man smoke? CAB.

COLUMBUS.

Fate of an Ingenious Impostor.

A GRIEF-STRICKEN HOUSEHOLD.

Incidents and Accidents at the Ohio Institution.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

It will be remembered that during the past vacation a young man named David Runner was arrested for taking articles from a boarding house and shipping them to himself at Zanesville. When brought up at Police Court he professed to be deaf, and gave the officers to understand that he had been a teacher, and a lot more of stuff calculated to win their sympathy. He was nevertheless bound over to court to await trial. His case came before the grand jury, and they found a true bill against him. The value of the goods taken amounted to several hundred dollars, and he had also gotten into a like scrape down in Tennessee. His case came up for trial the past week, and he put in a plea of not guilty. He gave the court a written statement in which he sought to clear himself and escape the penitentiary. He stated that at the age of eight years he was taken down with a disease which left him deaf and dumb. He employed electricity to cure himself, and a year afterwards his tongue was loosened and his ears opened. Since then he has had occasional spells when he can hear and speak, and at other times when these nerves will not act. He is unable to account for this curious phenomenon. The deputy sheriff however comes forward and says he has never seen anything of this like in the man, nor had he been sick for the past two weeks as the prisoner claimed to have been. While his statement was being read to the court, the prisoner seemed almost to break down from weeping. He also pretended that he relied almost wholly upon what others said to him upon their lip movements. All his appeals were ineffectual in moving the court. He received a sentence of three years in the penitentiary, and on being led out he wept loudly. He made a statement to the court that the prisoners were poorly fed in the jail. Perhaps the food supplied them is not fit for a king, nevertheless it is good enough for all impostors. He will now be served with a coarser fare, and with the work he will have to do, it may sharpen his appetite sufficiently to be only too glad to get it. He will also have time to reflect and come to a realization that playing the deaf and dumb dodge in this State is not a healthy calling.

A veil of sadness and gloom overshadowed the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Black. The joy and hope of the household, their only son, Oscar, fell a victim to croupous pneumonia early on the morning of Monday, after only a few days' illness. The grief of the parents can well be imagined as they beheld for the last time the form of their loved one in its little white casket about to be shut off from view forever. Sympathetic friends had laid beautiful floral offerings upon the bier. Rev. S. G. Dornblaser read words of comfort from several passages of Scripture, closing with the singing of the hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee." The remains were taken to Senecaville, the home of Mrs. Black's parents, where the interment took place October 9th. Little Oscar was within two months of being seven years old at the time of his death, was a member of the Garfield School and much thought of by his schoolmates and teacher, who contributed a handsome floral design for his casket.

We were over at Brice's to-day on a nutting expedition, and during our stay, Mr. and Mrs. George, Fancher made it very pleasant for us. Mr. Fancher has had steady work most of the summer in the tile factory of the town. It, however, shut down the first of the week for want of orders. Mr. Fancher, however, does not feel the loss, as he immediately secured work unloading crushed stone from the cars at higher wages than he was getting at the factory. The hickory-nut crop is not plentiful this year, and farmers feel loth to allow persons to help themselves to the fruit. Signs, "No hunting or trespassing on these grounds," are everywhere in evidence.

Large coal lamps, suspended from the ceiling, have been placed in the study rooms. This is to afford the pupils a better and steadier light than the flickering gas does. Henry Kibler is wearing his arm in a sling as the result of a fall Monday morning, which came near producing a broken wrist. He was playing prisoner's base in the play room. While running he fell down and in the fall his hand came in contact with a pillar with great force, causing a severe fracture.

The older divisions of boys and girls exchanged visits to their respective study rooms the past week, in order to give each side an opportunity to observe how neatly their departments are kept, and at the same time give them more incentive to keep their rooms in better order. During the visits, Superintendent Jones gave the members several curious illustrations in physics.

Mr. C. R. Neillie, of Cleveland, came down on his wheel Thursday, and was the guest of Foreman Charles of the printing office. He returned home to-day. The distance from Columbus to Cleveland is about one hundred and thirty-eight miles. Mr. Neillie made it in seven-teen hours.

The Independents won another game from a picked nine, Saturday, by twenty-two to eighteen runs. That makes three straight this fall.

Mr. Simon Kingry, of Grove City, moved here this week, for the winter. They will keep a boarding house.

A. B. G.

BALTIMORE.

The Society opened its first literary meeting on Wednesday evening, September 25th, with President "Doc" Mooney in the chair at 8.30 P.M., since it closed last June. The regular secretary, J. A. Branflick, was absent on account of one of his family's sickness, and the President chose J. W. Briscoe as Secretary pro tem.

The evening's programme was opened with an amusing story, entitled "Paradise Boiled Down," by Mr. W. McElroy, followed by Mr. D. E. Moylan who gave a queer story, "Love's Young Dream." An interesting story, "It Was His Brother," was given by Jas. W. Briscoe. A nice dialogue, entitled "I am an Italian Beggar," was given by Misses Bertha Kreisel and Emma Schulte, and caused the audience a good deal of grinning. A very good idea struck Miss Kreisel. She played a toy organ, while Miss Schulte passed round the hat and secured seventy cents, which was added to the society's treasury. A declamation, "The Dumb Boy's Best Friend," was rendered by Mr. R. E. Underwood.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. R. E. Underwood, on leaving the society, took a hat from the table by mistake. While he was in the electric car he found that it was not his.

On Friday evening, October 4th, a most enjoyable birthday party was given Miss Emma Schulte by her parents, at their home, in honor of her birthday. She got many nice presents. Amusements and other games were the features of the evening. The dining-room was decorated, and refreshments were served at a late hour. Among those present were Miss Emma M. Schulte, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Schulte, Eddie Schulte, Mrs. Hoffman, Mrs. Tolle, Misses Ida, May and Florence Tolle, Misses B. W. Kreisel, L. Neumann, C. Eysly, B. Riall, B. Neumann, H. Rohner, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Gill, Messrs. Wm. McElroy, R. E. Underwood, G. Minkel, F. C. Lurmann, A. E. Feast, A. Lingner, J. W. Briscoe, C. Conway, J. M. Fahey and G. A. Werner.

The same evening, Mr. Wm. McElroy gave Miss Emma Schulte a nice large box, wrapped in a paper, as a birthday gift. She said to him, "Many Thanks." She brought it to the dining-room, and her parents and three hearing friends looked on while she unfolded the paper. She took off wrapper after wrapper, and at last found a very small box with a nice ring in it.

A nice birthday party was tendered on Wednesday evening, September 25th, in honor of the birthday of Hugo Buchner, of Buchner, Lurmann & Co. Music and dancing were the features of the evening. Among those present were Messrs. F. C. Lurmann, H. S. Anderson, L. Nicholson, J. E. Fowble and J. W. Briscoe.

John E. Fowble seems to be in trouble always about his hat, because it was taken from the hat rack by mistake. While he was at the birthday party of H. Buchner, he missed his hat, and had to go home with another one. The hat was recovered.

Mr. Harry J. Gill came home with his father on Friday evening, September 27th, after spending two months in Hot Springs, Va. He reported having a most enjoyable time.

Prof. D. E. Stauffer, principal teacher of the School for the Colored Deaf-Mutes and Blind, was seen in South Eastern Baltimore, bringing back one of the colored pupils, who ran away from the School two weeks ago.

On Saturday, October 5th, Rev. Job Turner and his son were seen in town.

Last Friday evening, Mr. W. Faulkner and Mrs. Jas. Stubbs were seen driving on York Road.

Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show pitched their tents in town on September 30th and October 1st. Some of the deaf-mutes went to see it, and reported having an enjoyable time.

The 17th of this month was chosen as the date for the opening of the Ladies' Night at the society's hall.

Mr. Peter Duffy has become a member of the society.

Mr. Joseph E. Volluse, of Frederick City, Md., expects to be in this city and preach at the chapel next Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Simon Kahn went to New York some time ago.

Mr. H. Trieschmann of Howard County, was seen in the chapel yesterday afternoon.

The lady-members of the Society want to know the addresses of Mrs. H. Dahl, nee Miss Wicks, and Mrs. W. Wilson, nee Miss Dick. The former lives in California and the latter in Ohio. Please send their addresses to the Baltimore Society of the Deaf.

HE WAS A DEAF-MUTE.

Louis Klingelhoff, 514 South Dallas street, called at the Morgue yesterday morning to view the remains of the man who was killed Wednesday night, on Albenmarle street, by a Green Line trolley car. Klingelhoff readily identified the body as that of Frederick W. Beiderwillen, a deaf-mute shoemaker, who boarded with him, at 514 South Dallas street. He said the deceased came to this country about 12 years ago and had been in Baltimore about 10 years. The man was about 45 years old and was the only relative in this country was a brother-in-law, named Henry Lindhorst, residing at 300 Albenmarle street. Klingelhoff said he saw the deceased last about 4 o'clock Wednesday afternoon.

Coroner Cockrill held an inquest at the Eastern Police Station. William Thorlow was foreman of the jury. A verdict of accidental death was returned. The motor-man, J. Wilderson, was exonerated from all blame and released.—*Baltimore Herald.*

We did not know Mr. F. W. Beiderwillen, as he never mingled with the mutes of this city.

WILFORD.

October 14, 1895.

ONEIDA, N. Y.

John Keller was compelled to relinquish his position at the carriage works a few days ago on account of ill health and returned to his home in Syracuse. His many friends, here hope for a speedy recovery and prompt return to his work.

Miss Lizzie Stewart, who has been in the northern part of the State the past few weeks visiting friends is expected home this week. She writes that she has met many old school friends and is having a royally good time. She also reports that all the deaf there are doing well.

Richard McCabe, captain of the Rome deaf-mute foot ball team, was in Oneida Saturday to witness the game between the Oneidas and the Rome Academy eleven, and to ascertain the strength of the Oneida team with the idea, presumably, of sending them a challenge; but there was no game on account of the rain. Oneida's mutes would like to see a game between the Rome mutes and the Oneida Academy eleven—a weak team—to ascertain if the Rome boys can put up a strong game this season, their many defeats in the past considered, as they have as not yet won a game. If ye Romans think the Oneida team is an easy one to beat, let them come up here or make arrangements for a game and the Oneidas will add another to their score of defeats.

James Dingman went to Oneida Lake fishing Saturday, and reports having had good luck, returning with a "good sized string" and a "good fish story."

Calvin Brown has had the appearance of his house greatly improved by a new coat of paint and an addition to the rear. Calvin has a model tenement house.

Stiles R. Woodworth, of Belgium, is expected in Oneida this week, where he has secured a position in the carriage works. We all sincerely hope he will come and stick to it.

J. H. T.

Captured a Wild Man.

TRENTON, Oct. 7.—Policeman William S. Schenck has brought to the Central Police Station a man who has been living wild in the woods for the past three months, subsisting solely on tomatoes, potatoes and other vegetables stolen from truck patches. The man is either deaf and dumb or refuses to speak, as no body can get a word out of him. He seems to be harmless. He has been sleeping in a cave in the ground about a mile from the city. His hair reaches below his shoulders, and his beard is long and unkempt. He is thought to be suffering from a mild form of insanity, and will be examined by the County Physician.—*Recorder.*

HUGGED BY A DEAF AND DUMB MAN.

John Geoghegan, a deaf-mute, of 273 Hicks Street, Brooklyn, was held by Justice Walsh in Adams Street Court to-day for examination on a charge of hugging pretty Lena Cardinal, a French girl, of 109 Tillary Street. She returned home from a photograph gallery yesterday, when the prisoner, she alleges, followed her into her house and threw his arms around her.—*Evening World, Oct. 14.*

Victim of Balloon Sleeves.

Miss Kittish—Well, Estella had to give up her elaborate church wedding after all.

Miss Gushet—Why?

Miss Kittish—They measured the church doors and found they weren't wide enough to let her in with her going-away gown on.

The Weather Affects Him.

He—This extremely hot weather makes me almost completely deaf at times.

She—But you are deaf in the winter time also, are you not?

He—Yes.

She—Well, what makes you deaf then?

He—Why, the extremely cold weather, of course.—*Times-Union.*

PHILADELPHIA.

Old Time Debate at All Souls' Club.

DEAF AND DUMB FROM DRINK.

A Birthday Party—Lost His Power of Speech.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

At All Souls' Club, last Thursday evening, the question of debate was: Resolved, that the Pen is mightier than the Sword." It was handled in the affirmative by Mrs. M. J. Syle, Mr. Wm McKinney, L. Ash, and Miss Rudd, while Messrs. Wm. H. Lipsett, O. J. Whildin, C. W. Waterhouse and J. S. Reider, replied in the negative. The audience expressed the popular sentiment in favor of the affirmative. The debate being impromptu, was well handled by both sides. President Lipsett announced that he appointed Messrs. Jas. S. Reider, Chairman, O. J. Whildin and Miss Kate Keen, to serve on the Committee on Lectures and Literary Exercises, and Mr. Robt. M. Zeigler, Chairman, and Mrs. M. J. Syle and Miss Effie Parker, Committee on Library. Miss Rudd, a teacher of the Nebraska Institution for the Deaf, was at the meeting, and has accepted an invitation to lecture before the club on the 17th inst.

Mr. Washington Houston expressed his pleasure at hearing that the Fanwood Quad Club has admitted him as a non-resident member of the club.

If the report be true, we feel very sorry that Mrs. B. Warrington lost her real estate through the seizure by a sheriff in South Vineland, N. J., for the nonpayment of taxes. We would like to know what has become of Mr. and Mrs. Warrington.

The new plan of the Bible classes began operation at All Souls' Church Sunday School Rooms yesterday. Every one seemed pleased.

Rev. Mr. Koehler went over to Wilmington, Del., last evening, where he held service for the deaf.

DEAF AND DUMB FROM DRINK.

Charles Warren, who, according to his own story, drank two gallons of whiskey in forty-eight hours, and was accordingly picked up unconscious by the police of the sixteenth district on Wednesday, and was sent to the Presbyterian Hospital, is likely to survive his wonderful suicidal attempt, although it is probable he will lose both speech and hearing.

Warren is a barber by trade, and a man of wonderful physique. It is the latter quality alone that has enabled him to pull through an experience that would have killed two ordinary men. A number of times before this he has been treated for alcoholism, and his system has become thoroughly saturated with the drug.

When taken to the hospital, he was unable to communicate anything to the physicians, and even now his statements to the doctors are written with a trembling hand in lead-pencil. By this means he told the physicians that he had gone without food for several days and had subsisted entirely on whiskey, and, to cap the climax, had swallowed half a pint of ammonia on top of two gallons of the "Old Rye."

Warren also says something about his wife having struck him on the head, but those for whom he has worked assert that he has neither wife nor home. He worked for two weeks at a Thirty-ninth Street, but started out Thursday of last week on a protracted spree, with the result that has been recorded.

A birthday party in honor of the sweet little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James M. Purvis passed very enjoyably last Monday evening. The little girl's little cousins assembled at 1405 Morris Street and amused themselves. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Lipsett and two children, Mrs. Cole, grandmother of the child, and Mrs. Bannan and two children, aunt and cousins to Mrs. Purvis were there. The child is now over a year of age.

Mr. Joseph Dorfner has been and is still running by rail to Jenkintown every day, where he is painting and frescoing in the mansion of Mrs. Lippencott.

LOST POWER OF SPEECH.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN., Oct. 8.—Patrick Casey, 16 years old, of No. 2 Walter Court, without warning was deprived of his voice, and can now make only a few inarticulate sounds. On last Thursday he ate a good dinner and went to his room to take a rest. When found by his mother, three or four hours later, he could not utter a word. A physician was called. He has tried all means possible for the relief of the boy, but none has been effective. While the exact cause of the peculiar illness is hidden in mystery, it is probably due to paralysis of the muscles of the throat and vocal chords. This would cause a loss of speech, and unless relieved might result in death.

THE RECORDER.

PHILA., Oct. 14.

FANWOOD.

The High Class at Fanwood All Right.

GRADED ACADEMIC NOW.

The Proteus Boat Club Elect New Officers--A Resignation--Other Notes.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

After waiting for nearly five months, the "Plain Man" acknowledges that he wrote the item to the effect that the High Class of this Institution had been discontinued. Here is his admission:

I acknowledge being the author, indirectly, of the item to the effect that "the High Class at Fanwood had been discontinued," from which has sprung such wide and wild comment, and which has tended to show the intellectual advancement at Fanwood as on the down grade.

But he is kicking for my having disclosed his real name, and calls it abusing of a correspondent's courtesy. But I wasn't the first to disclose his real name. In the March number of the *Silent Worker* his portrait was printed together with others, and his *nom de plume* as well as his real name was given.

In order that the readers of the *JOURNAL* may not be led to think that I said any harsh things, I here repeat the statement I made in the issue of the *JOURNAL* of June 6th, four months after the *nom de plume* of Mr. Maynard was made known by the *Silent Worker*.

I wish to correct a false statement to the effect that the High Class at Fanwood has been abolished. Mr. Robert E. Maynard, otherwise "Plain Man," under the name he writes for the silent press, is responsible for this. Had he investigated, he would have discovered that such was not the case.

Mr. Maynard did well to make a full confession, but it would have been better still had he done so after he was corrected, instead of waiting till now. He says that he only recently found out, which is not so, because as early as June 11th or July 15th, he complained to me about it.

The election of officers of the Proteus Boat Club for the year 1895-'96, was held on Tuesday, October 1st. They are Samuel Cox, Captain; Herman Lamm, First Lieutenant; John H. Keiser, Secretary; Emil Mayer, Treasurer; Herman F. Beck (Chairman); Eugene V. Moeslein and Peter J. Kiernan, Committee. At the same meeting the following were elected to membership of the club: Arthur P. Izquierdo, Robert H. McVea, Walter B. Taylor and Frederick Bachman.

Policeman Robert Johnson, father of one of the pupils here, is making a record for himself in the Police Department, by breaking up that notorious Stable Gang in the vicinity of West Fifty-sixth Street. Recently he attacked the entire gang single handed. The gang pelted him with bricks and stones, smashed his hat and bruised and beat him; but he was game, and prevailed in the end. When the fight was over he was alone with a prisoner in his grip, considerably the worse for clubbing he had been compelled to administer to quiet him. The daily papers commend Policeman Johnson for his bravery, and state that in him it may be that the Stable Gang have found its master.

Prof. Andrew P. McKean, who has for two years past been a member of the corps of instruction, asked to be released from his contract for the present year, to enable him to accept an offer to engage in the knitting business at Cohoes, N. Y., and left the Institution on October 11th. The profession thus loses a young man of promise.

Mr. Cook has had enough of football. Last Saturday he played in New Jersey. The cut above his left eye was the result of New Jersey style of football playing, or an accident. Whatever it is makes no difference. Mr. Cook will not play again this year, but he will continue to train the Fanwoods.

Samuel Cox, one of the pupils here, is the owner of two yachts, the "Fanwood" a 15-ft rater, which has won two races, and a recently built new 18-ft. yacht, named "Faustine," and thinks of challenging Mrs. Currier's "Ariel" for the Morning Glory cup.

Robert D. Hoyt, A.B., University of Vermont, '94, and Miss Mary H. Higgs, of Troy, N. Y., have been appointed teachers and entered upon their duties on Monday.

John F. Pratt, A.B., University of Vermont, '95, has been appointed tutor in place of Mr. Hoyt, promoted.

Prof. Hill conducted chapel services, for the first time, on Sunday afternoon.

A. QUAD.

(Continued from First page.)

indicative of his part in the artist's success.

"Dear me, how exquisite!" said the lady, adjusting her *pince-nez* gingerly. "Those morbid conceptions are really most striking and suggestive, though, of course, quite too horribly artificial. Are you ready to go, Phillip?"

The man addressed turned round, and any one less occupied than his companion would have been alarmed at the livid whiteness of his face.

"What is the price of the picture?" he asked.

"I scarcely think I shall dispose of it just now," the dealer answered cautiously.

"I would give you £400 for it."

"It would hang well over the mantelpiece in the dining-room," murmured the lady.

"Well, sir, it is a valuable work, and I am not in a hurry to accept, any offer at first; still--"

"Who is the artist?" the gentleman interrupted fiercely.

The dealer lifted his shoulders to his ears, and rubbed his hands softly.

"Very like my old Tabby," the lady was remarking, in allusion to a study of cats on an easel. The man turned round, but the remark not being addressed to him, he answered--

"As you see, it is not signed. I am unacquainted with the artist, but when she calls again I might procure her address for you."

"Do so, if you please," and without a glance at his companion Philip Vivien strode out of the shop.

"Horrible! horrible!" he said to himself. "That is Madeline's child; the likeness is too great to be mistaken; but now is it that she has painted the boy like that?"

It is actually wicked to imagine such horrors, don't you think so, Philip? I suppose parochial boards are most energetic and complete now; their expenditure shows that; but really they should put a stop to 'realistic' subjects in art. Art, of course, is the obverse of nature."

Philip turned impatiently from the woman at his side; somehow his sister's weak conversation was more annoying to-day than it had ever been before, and just then he wished to be at liberty to think over the past in which he had driven Madeline from her home.

It was not yet three years since he had brought her to it, a beautiful child-wife, not a year since he had yielded himself to his master passion, and under its influence had said words which had compelled her to leave his roof. The words had been false, provoked by the demon in whose power he had placed himself; but how was Madeline to know that they referred to his sister? He had intended to deceive her, and he had succeeded too well; his wife had left him, and until to-day he had not been able to find a clue to her hiding-place.

The man cursed the fatal thirst which had been the cause of all this trouble, mentally vowing that when Madeline returned to him he would never taste spirits again. He was longing to escape from his sister's platitudes and to begin his search for his wife; but it was necessary to bridle his impatience, for some hours would elapse before the dealer in Regent Street would be able to get the address.

In the mean time Madeline had returned to the shop; she paused outside to gain breath, and then went in, stifling a strange feeling of suffocation at her heart.

The dealer advanced to meet her, noting each detail of her dress and contrasting it with her appearance on the first occasion on which he had seen her.

Her gown was faded and shabby, her gloves old and torn; her whole air impressed him as that of distress and want.

Poverty is a hard thing; it not only checks physical development it hinders the growth of our finer feelings. The dealer had suffered some slight discomfort when he had not obliged the lady by the purchase of her picture; but he felt quite comfortable in the presence of the woman's need, and he assured himself contentedly that he would be able to *finesse* some purpose in the bargain he was about to make.

"I have decided to take your picture, and even to lay down a considerable sum for it. One hundred pounds is a large price for a thing like that, but I am always glad to oblige my employees, especially when--"

He glanced suggestively at Madeline instead of completing his sentence, and the color flamed proudly into her cheek as she met his insolent stare.

One hundred pounds! She had not expected the fourth of that sum; it would keep the wolf from the door for an indefinite time; but it had come too late to save the boy; and she would rather die than part with this sole reminder of him.

True, she might redeem her picture with part of the sum offered for this one; but she did not value that in comparison with this she had painted in the boy's last hours of life. A sob rose in her throat, and she turned hastily away for a moment, then faced the man again.

"I have decided not to sell the picture. I will take it with me." The dealer's countenance fell as he saw a vision of large profits fading before his eyes, and he diplomatically--

"As you like, madam; the price I offer is a large one. You will scarcely get a better, I imagine."

"I am not thinking of the price; I do not wish to dispose of the picture."

"Yet it is one which might bring you before the artistic world. Would you have any objection to my exhibiting it while you reconsider your decision?"

"No, no," she cried nervously; "I shall not change my mind. I must take it with me now."

"I am anxious for your sake that you should not miss this opportunity of obtaining celebrity, madam. I will write you a check for two hundred pounds. Will that meet your views?"

Madeline's brain was reeling, and she caught at the chair by which she was standing to support herself. She scarcely understood what was being said to her, but she was conscious of a blind effort to escape with the picture to the attic where the little form was slowly but most surely undergoing that awful change. She grudged every moment spent away from its side, and she took up the canvas, saying with a calm dignity which silenced the man:

"You have my decision; it is unalterable."

He watched her as she walked slowly and wearily from the shop; then he turned away, inwardly anathematizing feminine unreason and obstinacy. He had not attempted to induce her to alter her mind, knowing that she would not be moved from her purpose.

Half an hour after, Philip Vivien appeared. His vexation was great when he learned that the picture was not to be sold, and he bit his lips angrily.

"It is not the loss of the picture that annoys me," he explained. "I wished to discover the artist. Did she leave her address?"

The dealer hesitated. Was this a ruse to defraud him of his profits? He was about to deny his knowledge of Madeline's address, when all at once he remembered the print of the little feet which had reminded him of his dead child. We are all, the strongest of us--steel--encased, as we believe ourselves to be--vulnerable at some one point, and the dealer was no exception to the rule. He would have robbed Madeline of the price of her work without compunction an hour ago; but he could not wrong her now, and he answered:

"I have it here; the lady wrote it herself."

He handed the sheet of paper to Philip Vivien, and the man trembled violently as he took it, for the first glance had assured him that it was Madeline's beautiful handwriting he saw.

He scarcely paused to see the address. In another moment he had left the shop and was in his carriage driving rapidly towards his wife and child.

CHAPTER IV.

There was no answer to his impatient knock at the attic door, and he repeated it, wondering if he had arrived before Madeline.

It was strange that no one should have been left in charge of the baby. He gazed around him vaguely; the house was in fairly respectable neighborhood, but not one suited to his wife's position, and the attic to which he had been directed--it was not possible that she lived there, she must have hired the room for a studio.

It was curious that she should have painted the baby in such a poor place and amid such wretched surroundings; strange, above all that she should have chosen him as her model of a child dead from starvation; it was not like Madeline to take such ghastly subjects.

Suddenly he started; what if this had really happened? What if they had been reduced to such straits that the boy had really died of want! He put the thought away immediately. Madeline would not be reduced to such extremity before returning to him; besides, there was always the parish to fall back upon--that Olympus of man's latter day! Surely she would not let the boy starve when she had only to apply there to have her need supplied; then she knew that her husband's door would not be closed against her; she certainly would have come back to him!

Hard and cruel as he had been to her sometimes, he was always fond and tender in his sober moments; she would have remembered that, and not have remained away had she been destitute.

Then he recollected the threat he had uttered the night on which she had left him, his brutal words and the misleading:

"To-morrow another woman will be mistress of this house!"

Was it possible that she had taken the words as, in his fiendish mood, he had meant them to be understood? He had intended to explain them to her afterwards, but when he had returned it had been too late: Madeline had fled, and taken her boy with her.

He groaned and leaned against

the door for support, it yielded to his weight, he would have fallen had he not caught the post; he stumbled forward, as the door flew open, into the room, where he stood transfixed and staring.

Before him there were the bare boards, the mean furniture, the empty grate, a cracked plate which had recently served as a palette, and a litter of tubes and brushes.

Before him, too, the picture he had seen in the dealer's shop lying on the floor, and another picture besides: a woman lying face downwards as he had fallen, at the side of an old tattered, shawl, and on the shawl?

A little waxen figure, still, with blue-veined lids lying lightly over the sunken eyes in their last calm slumber; one arm thrown across the breast, the other stiff on the floor, the outstretched forefinger pointing--pointing.

Philip Vivien staggered back as though he had been shot; he could not meet the terrible condemnation of that little white finger, and he covered his face with his hands and moved away from it. Then he stooped and called his wife gently:

"Madeline, Madeline, my darling!"

There was no answer; he stooped closer, but he dared not touch her.

"Madeline, I said what was false to you that day; it was my sister who was to take charge of the house--to other woman has crossed the threshold since you left it. I was not myself when I said it, but I will never touch spirits again. I pledge you my word, Madeline, from the day you come back to me I will taste nothing stronger than water."

Still there was no answer, and he bent forward beseechingly:

"Oh, my darling, can you not forgive?"

The silence remained unbroken, and as he cast down his eyes he saw that the child's finger on the canvas was pointing directly at him.

He stepped aside hurriedly, then full of a horrible dread he raised his wife's hand; it was cold, and growing rigid.

Dropping it suddenly, he stood up with a hoarse cry:

"Oh my God! Who has done this?"

He had changed his position, and as he looked down aghast at his dead child and its dead mother, he saw the inexorable little white finger outstretched towards him:

Thou art the man!
Philip Vivien turned and fled.--
Annie E. Holdsworth, in Belgravia.

The Faithful Boy-Witness.

Some time ago there was living in a country town in Scotland a pious couple who had an only son. For this son they daily prayed to God that He would enable them to lay in his young heart, among the first lessons he should learn, the love of all things honest and good. So the foundations of an upright life were laid in the boy's heart, and among these especially a regard for uprightness and truth.

In the course of years the boy's school days were ended, and also his apprenticeship to a business life in the country town; and as there was no prospect for him there, he went to England to one of the great seaports, and by and by he got a position in a merchant's office. He was greatly pleased with his new office, and wrote his father and mother that Providence had been very kind to him.

But he was not long in this excellent place before he was put to the test in a very painful way with respect to the lessons he had received about truth.

It was a part of the business of that office to have ships coming and going. And it was the rule when a ship came into port, that its captain sent word to the office that he had arrived and was now awaiting instructions where to discharge the cargo; and it was the duty of the manager to send back such instructions to the captain.

A few months after this little lad came to this office, a ship laden with coal arrived, and the usual messenger from the captain came; but somehow or other no answer was sent back. The captain waited a week, and still no answer came. Now this was very hard on the captain. Until the ship got free of its cargo, it had to lie idle in the dock; and all who belonged to the ship were kept idle too.

At the end of a week, the captain sent word to the office that his ship had been kept so long waiting for instructions that it had missed a good offer of a new cargo and the office would have to pay him for the loss. This payment is called demurrage.

When the manager of the office got this message from the captain, he was very angry. He thought he had sent instructions where to discharge the cargo, or he made himself believe he had sent them; at any rate he sent for the lad from the North and said to him: "Didn't I send you down to Captain Smith with instructions to discharge his coal?"

The boys said, "No, sir; I do not remember being sent down."

"O, but I did," answered the manager. "You have forgotten." And there, for a time, so far as the office was concerned, the matter was allowed to rest.

But the captain did not intend to let it rest there. He applied for his demurrage. And when that was refused, and his word that he received no instructions was disbelieved, he took the master of the office to law. And by and by his complaint came before the judges in the court.

The day before the trial the manager came to the little lad from the North and said to him, "Mind, I sent you to the dock with those instructions."

"But, I assure you, I cannot remember your doing so," said the lad.

"O yes, but I did. You have forgotten."

It was a great trouble to the lad. He had never been sent to the dock. He could not say he had been sent, and he foresaw that he would have to say before the judges what would offend the manager and lead to the loss of his place.

On the morning of the trial he went to the court. The manager came up to him and said:

"Now our case depends on you. Remember, I sent you to the dock with the instructions to discharge the coal."

The poor boy tried once more to assure the manager that he was mistaken, but he would not listen.

"It's all right," he said, hastily.

"I sent you on such a day, and you have to bear witness that I did."

In a little while he was called into the witness-box, and almost the first question put to him was whether he remembered the day when Captain Smith's ship came in. And then this:

"You remember during that day being sent by the manager of the office to the dock with a letter for the captain?"

"No, sir."

"Were you not sent to the coal ship on that day?"

"I was not, sir."

"Nor the next day?"

"No."

"Nor any other day?"

"No."

The gentleman who put the questions was a barrister. He had been engaged by the manager to win the case for them. But when he heard the lad's replies, he saw that the manager was in the wrong; and he turned to the judge and said:

"My lord, I give up this case. My instructions were that this witness would prove that a message and had been sent to Captain Smith, and it is plain no such proof is to be got from him."

So the case ended in the Captain's favor and against the office in which the little lad worked.

He went to his lodgings with a sorrowful heart, and wrote his father and mother that he was sure to be discharged. Then he packed his trunk and in the morning, expecting nothing but his dismissal, he went early to the office. The first to come in after him was the master. He stopped for a moment at the little lad's desk and said, "We lost our case yesterday."

"Yes, sir," answered the lad, "and I am very sorry I had to say what I did."

By and by the manager came in, and after a little time he was sent to the master's room. Then the little lad was sent for. "I am going to be dismissed." But the master said to him:

"I was very sorry yesterday, but not with you. You did right to speak the truth, and to mark my approval of what you said, I am going to put you in charge of all the workings and sales of our Glendard mine."

Then he sent for the manager and told him what he had said, and added, "And the young man will make his reports direct to me."

In six months after, the manager left the office, and young though he was, the lad was appointed to his place. And before many years had passed, he was admitted as a junior partner in the firm, and is now at the head of the entire business--the managing partner.

In this case, truth was the best. But I want to say, boys, that if things had turned out other than they did, and he had been dismissed, it would still have been the best for him to speak the truth.--
Sunday Magazine.

Haughty Young Prince.

The little Crown Prince of Germany seems to have inherited some of the qualities of his father. One day the boy was out driving with his governess, and as usual the populace cheered and lifted their hats, to which the young prince replied by lifting his hat. At last he grew weary and lying back in the seat he said: "I am bored and tired and I shall not lift my hat any more, no matter how much they cheer." "You are a naughty boy," said the governess, "and unless you acknowledge the salutes of the people I shall not continue to drive with you." The Crown Prince sat up immediately. "Coachman," said he, "stop the carriage; this lady will get out and walk!" It is needless to say that the governess thought better of it, and the boy had his way.--*Atlanta Constitution.*

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